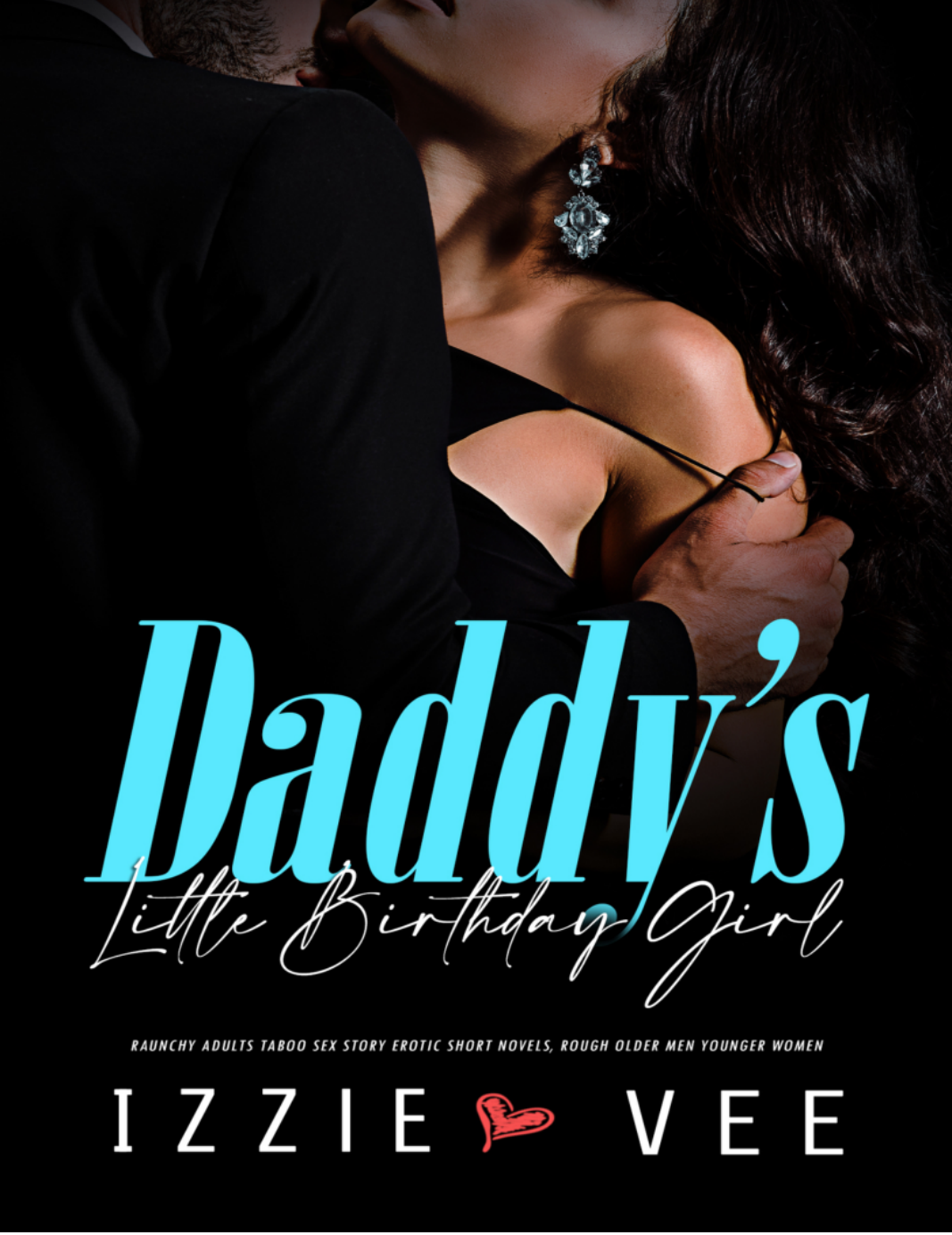
Daddy's
Little Birthday Girl
RAUNCHY ADULTS TABOO SEX STORY EROTIC SHORT NOVELS, ROUGH OLDER MEN YOUNGER WOMEN
IZZIE VEE

Daddy's Little Birthday Girl: Raunchy Adults Taboo Sex Story

Erotic Short Novels, Rough Older Men Younger Women

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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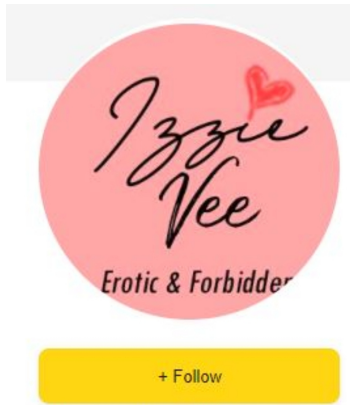

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Chapter 1

Collin

It was funny how Mark and I had been in business for years, and I had never met his family. His wife was always on business trips, and his daughter was mostly off to college. But it was summer, and he had told me his daughter would be home for a while, and his wife was on leave from work. He thought it was the perfect time to meet everyone, seeing that I might not catch everyone together again anytime soon.

I looked up to Mark; he was ten years my senior but had good values and work ethic. He was also a family man, and although I was currently single, I looked forward to having my own someday soon. One bad divorce should have changed my mind, but I was still hopeful that good women were out there. It had been two years. It had been two years since I'd had a woman in my bed because I told myself I was giving myself time and believed that rushing into things never really paid off. Whenever I actually found a woman, I would get to know her as much as I could before anything else.

I parked my car in front of Mark's house and stepped out with a sigh as I looked around at the beautiful neighborhood. There wasn't a shabby house in sight. Everyone had modern architecture with the latest cars parked out front. It was nothing like my small Condo. I adjusted the lapels to my jacket and cleared my throat as I made my way to the front door.

I rang the doorbell and waited for it to open. Mark popped up on the other side with a bright smile, and I couldn't help my own.

"Collin, so glad you could make it," he said as he opened his arms. I smiled and patted his shoulder.

"Of course. This has been long overdue," I said, and he chuckled.

"Come in, come in," he said as he stepped to the side and allowed me entry. Mark led the way to the living room while I admired the glistening marble tiles, the accented walls filled with family portraits I was too far off to see, and the white leather couches with the compartmentalized coffee table, an art piece of its own.

“Lovely home you’ve got here, Mark,” I said as he gestured for me to sit in one of the single sofas.

“Thank you, my wife Amy really put her foot into it.” His wife immediately entered the room with a tight smile on her face, wearing a sundress that brushed her ankles, showing off her slender form. Her brunette hair was scraped back into a neat bun – not a single strand out of place. She was an aging beauty with piercing blue eyes and wide lips smothered with red lipstick.

I stood as she approached me. Mark smiled proudly and stood beside his wife, his hand going to the small of her back. “Collin, this is my wife Amy,” he said, chin up as he did the introductions.

I smiled at the woman who held out her hand for a shake. “Nice to finally meet you, Collin. Mark has told me great things about you,” she said as she smiled up at her husband.

“Likewise,” I said as I took her soft hands and offered a handshake.

“Lauren should be down any minute now; she was on a call with her aunt,” Amy informed. “Could I get you something to drink? Lemonade perhaps? I just made a pitcher not too long,” she said.

“That would be great; thanks.”

“Let’s go around to the back,” Mark said as he led the way through the large white-themed kitchen and out the back where a pool was and a small patio gazebo with wooden furniture. We sat down, and within a minute, Amy came with a pitcher of lemonade on a tray. She served it and took a seat. I took a sip of the refreshing drink and overlooked the beautiful backyard when my eyes caught a figure coming from the kitchen.

For some reason, my heart started to pound in my chest as the petite beauty came into view. She was small but had slender legs beneath a yellow pleated mini-skirt. My eyes traveled further up, taking note of her buttoned-down crop top that showed just a hint of her stomach. As my eyes went further up, my breath almost stopped at that moment when I saw her face. She was moving closer toward us, and the clearer her appearance became, the more she seemed to take my breath away. Her small face was surrounded by long, flowing blonde hair that seemed to sparkle in the sun, bouncing down her

shoulders in waves as she walked. When she came up to us, I could smell her sweet perfume that would be lodged in my nostrils forever – a reminder of the first time I ever laid eyes on her.

“Finally. Collin, this is our daughter, Lauren. Lauren, this is Collin, who your father has talked so much about,” Amy informed, but I could barely hear what she was saying, being so captivated by her offspring. Fuck.

A smile curved Lauren’s glossy pink lips, and she stretched out a hand to me, her clear blue eyes trained on me. I got up from my seat and took hers in mine, my big one swallowing her small, delicate digits. But as soon as I touched her, I immediately knew what the movies and the books had meant when they said they felt sparks flying. This woman's touch sent a sensation bolting through my body, going straight to my heart, which started to pound a bit faster. She continued staring at me while I stared at her, watching her throat bob with a swallow. She folded her lips, looked away and pulled her hands from mine, but her cheeks were red after – something that I alone seemed to notice.

I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t believe that a simple touch from a stranger would arouse so many emotions in me. Not only had she set my heart ablaze, but she had awakened my resting cock – reminding it that it had not felt a woman in a long time. I fucking knew – as crazy as it sounded – that this was the woman for me. She was mine, and it was that simple.

She sat beside her mom and crossed her slender legs at the ankles, and I immediately itched to touch them – to run my hands and my tongue along the slender column.

“Lauren here is about to complete her final in dentistry and will be celebrating her twenty-second birthday this weekend,” Amy proudly informed as she glanced at me. “She skipped a couple of years. You must be so excited, honey,” she said as she looked at her.

Lauren cleared her throat and glanced at me before she looked away. “Yeah, I guess so. I don’t really have any plans, though,” she shrugged.

“What about your friends, sweetheart?” Mark said a bit sadly.

She laughed dryly. “Dad, you know I’ve never had any real friends. Plus, everyone I know is already off doing their own thing this summer. No one wants to hang with me,” she murmured under her breath, and I could see the momentary sadness that took residence on her face. There was an urge inside me to fix that – fix the sadness that was so obvious in her eyes.

“Aww honey, I wish I could be here to take you out, but I have to take a trip out to New York,” Amy explained.

“Collin and I have this tech seminar to attend. I’m sorry, sweetheart; we thought you already had plans,” Mark said with a somber expression on his face.

“It’s fine, guys. It’s not like I’ve ever done anything extravagant for my birthday,” Lauren muttered, hanging her head as she fidgeted with her fingers.

“Yes, but still, you’ve been doing so well. You need to celebrate,” Amy said.

Lauren shrugged and reached for a glass of lemonade. I couldn’t take my eyes off her even if I tried – even though I knew that Amy and Mark were right in front of me and could see me devouring their daughter. This was my woman – I could feel it in every fiber of my being and knew that it wouldn’t just go away anytime soon. This wasn't just lust; this was a need for me to have this woman in many ways than one. I wanted her for a lifetime.

Despite my attraction and the intense chemistry that collided between us, I tried to bear this sense of logic in mind. Many factors could prevent what I already knew to be real, but I wasn’t too focussed on that. I just knew that I had to have this woman, and nothing would stop me.

I gulped down my lemonade in an attempt to temper the fire that was blazing wild throughout my body. Each second without touching her felt like something I had been craving for and could not have. But how was this feeling even possible when I had only known the girl for just ten minutes?

“How long will you guys be gone for?” Lauren asked. “Mom, you literally just came back. I thought you’d be here for longer this time.”

“It’ll just be for a couple of days, and then I hope to be home for a long time afterward,” she smiled.

“The seminar is just for the weekend. We leave Friday and come back on Monday. After that, I’m sure we can celebrate, honey,” Mark reassured with a smile.

Lauren heaved a sigh and nodded as she picked at her nails. Amy was about to say something, but her phone rang as soon as her mouth opened to talk. She quickly reached for it, glanced at the caller ID and excused herself as she walked back to the kitchen.

“Busy bee, that one,” Mark smiled as he watched Amy disappear into the kitchen.

“Must be hard being the number one event planner in the city,” I said, and he chuckled. I glanced at Lauren and realized she was sipping at her lemonade while she watched me over the rim of her glass.

“Amy handles the pressure well,” he said before his phone started to ring as well. “Oh, look at that; it must be a busy day for all of us,” Mark said as he fished his phone from his pocket and stood. “Guys, if you’ll excuse me,” he said and went in the direction Amy had gone.

Before long, it was just the two of us seated there in silence, Lauren looking towards the house like she wanted to come up with an excuse to flee as well. I took a drink of my lemonade and leaned back in my chair as I watched her.

“So, is there any place you would have liked to go for your birthday?” I asked, trying to build a conversation as well as get to know her better.

Her head snapped towards me, her eyes widening a bit before she shifted in her seat and cleared her throat. “Er…not really,” she said.

I wasn’t buying it, though. I had seen a sparkle in her eyes that quickly faded as soon as it came. “Come on; there must be somewhere,” I challenged, and she swallowed.

“I… I guess I always wanted to go to Las Vegas,” she shrugged, crossing her hands beneath her breasts, causing them to push up and hint at her creamy cleavage. She wasn’t even aware of it, which made

it even more alluring.

My brow shot up at her reply. I had been expecting many things, but this certainly wasn't it. "Oh, wow… well, that's definitely a good pick. Vegas is great."

She perked up. "You've been there?"

"Nah," I chuckled. "It has been on my bucket list for a long time, though," I admitted.

"Hmm, well, that makes two of us," she said, the joy deflating to disappointment yet again. "I probably won't get to go until I'm around your age or so," there was a little smirk on her face.

My mouth fell open. "Are you calling me old?" I asked dramatically.

She giggled. "You said it, not me."

Lauren was just so beautiful; it was like her presence was a ray of sunshine that I couldn't get enough of. Her smile made my heart smile, and her sadness made me feel like I was in a losing battle. I should be running for the hills for having such an insane attraction toward someone so young – my friend's daughter – but instead, I wanted to draw closer.

"I think you should give it a shot for your birthday," I said.

She scoffed. "I'm not going to Las Vegas alone on my birthday."

A thought occurred to me and paralyzed me in that spot because it was probably the most ridiculous thing I had ever thought of in my life. Maybe I was about to jump the gun – maybe I was about to make the biggest mistake in my life by proposing such a thing, but the words were leaving my lips before I could catch them.

"Who said you had to go alone? I could be your wingman," I said, and her mouth opened up and clamped back shut – certainly speechless, which was the logical response. What the fuck was I thinking? Before any of us could reply, Amy and Mark came smiling in our direction. Lauren managed a tight smile geared toward them and glanced at me from the corner of her eyes.

"Sorry guys, that was an important work call that I had to take," Amy said as she occupied an empty seat beside Mark.

A conversation ensued that I couldn't even pay attention to. All that was on my mind was Lauren and how she hadn't looked at me since her parents got back. I wanted to kick myself for obviously scaring away the girl before I even had a chance with her.

An hour later, when I was ready to leave, she quickly said her goodbyes and dashed toward the house before I even had a chance to say a word to her. I'd definitely overstepped my place and was now suffering the consequences. What was I thinking to have suggested such a thing? As much as it sounded appealing in my head, I had to bear in mind that I was no more than a stranger to Lauren, and to be proposing such a thing might have seemed weird for her.

That evening when I went home, I couldn't stop thinking about it and hoping that it was somehow real in the back of my head. What I wouldn't give to be frolicking around in the sin city with the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on.

A woman who was also your friend's kid, a voice in the back of my head reminded, and I had to hold back a groan. Throughout all this, I had ignored the fact that Mark was my friend and business partner, and Lauren was his kid. If the circumstances were different, then I would definitely find a way to seduce the petite beauty, but there was no way I could have her without blowing up what I had worked so hard to build with Mark in the past year. Mark trusted me like a brother, as I trusted him. Could I risk all that for someone who might not even return the same feelings?

In my heart, I knew the answer was simple.

Chapter 2

Lauren

I laid in bed, staring at the blank ceiling as if it had the answers I was looking for. I thought back to the day and how I initially thought that the man my dad had always spoken so fondly of was someone around his age. There was no way I was expecting a man who looked like he was a fitness instructor instead of an I.T nerd. I hadn't seen it coming; neither did I expect to be so blown away by his good looks and the way my heart instantly started to flutter as soon as I saw him. Maybe it was the intensity in his dark grey eyes or how he seemed to dominate the whole room, but I had never reacted that way in front of a man. As a matter of fact, no man had ever made me feel that way. When he looked at me, I felt shivers all over my body and felt an intense throbbing between my legs–one I knew that my fingers wouldn't satiate this time around. It was like I had found 'the one,' and my heart and soul were letting me in on that fact.

I had given up on relationships for a long time because I was always looking for that spark that every married couple I knew spoke about. I hadn't felt it with any man who had approached me in the past and began to think it was a hoax. Yet, today, I had felt everything and so much more for my father's business friend. I couldn't explain my body's reaction to him, and I couldn't explain how I wanted to damn it all and run to him.

I was always the good girl, but I wanted to be bad this once. I wanted to take this man up on his offer to a Vegas trip. And while he might have only said it jokingly to cheer me up, I so wished it was true. It would soon be my birthday, and I had maintained a straight-A profile. Couldn't this be my reward? I would want nothing more.

I was so tempted to ask if he was serious, but I didn't get the chance. I was too chicken – too scared of the rejection. I started to chew on my nails as I gave it more thought. Collin was basically a stranger who I hadn't met before today, but my father knew him well and often bragged that he was a good guy. He had to be.

That night, I slept on the idea and decided to confront him the following evening about it, but I quickly realized I had no idea where he lived. I went to my father's in-house office, trying to search through his old journals and books but found nothing but a number etched in the back of one of his books. I bit my lips as I stared at the digits and contemplated my actions–actions that seemed ludicrous and desperate – which were so not me. But Collin had made me feel something that made me want to abandon all sense of decency and take the leap forward. It was that intense.

I quickly dialed the number and saved it to my phone, waiting for when I knew he would leave work – assuming I was brave enough to make the call. At six, I sat with my phone in hand and decided to make the call after much contemplation.

I licked my lips and sat on my bed, my heart beating fast, my armpits suddenly feeling sweaty. I dialed the number and awaited his answer, my heart almost beating out my chest when the velvety timbre of his voice resonated through the speaker.

"Hello." I could hear in his voice that he was a little skeptical, having no idea who was calling him.

I swallowed hard. "Hey, Collin it's me, Lauren," I said.

There was a small pause. "Oh hey, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I er- I was just wondering if we could meet up somewhere to talk?"

"Er- sure. Is everything okay?"

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "Yeah, do you know *Carmen's Café*? It's not far from where you and my dad work."

"Yeah, one of my favorite spots," he said. "When would you like this to happen?"

"I bit my lips. "Um… this evening. In the next twenty minutes, perhaps?"

"Okay, perfect. I'll see you there, Lauren."

"Ok, see you," I said as I ended the call and fell back on the bed in a huff. I couldn't believe that had just happened and that I had been brave enough to go through with it. Still, I couldn't help the smile I felt curving my lips at the idea of seeing and talking to Collin again.

I dashed to the bathroom and took a quick shower, happy that my parents weren't home to pummel me with questions about where I was going. When it came down to what I would wear, I was puzzled, not having the slightest idea about what to wear when impressing a crush. I decided on leggings and a crop top before grabbing my purse and driving to the café in the car my parents had gifted me for my eighteenth birthday.

As soon as I arrived at the entrance to the café, I spotted Collin seated at one of the window seats, glancing on the outside while he simultaneously checked his phone. That nervousness I had felt when I first met him came back, and I swallowed hard as I walked toward him.

I just couldn't get over how good-looking he was. This time he was in a full suit with a few buttons of his undershirt loose, exposing the light dusting of hair on his chest.

The nearer I got, his head shot up, and a smile immediately flourished on his face when he saw me. I couldn't help my own smile, watching as he stood to greet me.

"Hey, thanks for coming," I said when I arrived at the small table, not knowing whether I should hug him or just take a seat. I didn't want to seem too presumptuous with a man I just met, but in hindsight, what was even more presumptuous than this meeting and what I was about to ask.

"No problem; is everything alright?" he said as he took a seat while I did the same in the one opposite him.

"Yeah, I um-" The waitress came, and I paused while she took our orders and went on her way. "I – that thing you suggested at the house; were you actually serious?"

His grey eyes were planted solidly on me, and my heart was still raging out of control. He managed a slight smile. "I was."

I licked my lips and shifted in my seat, feeling as heat rose to my cheeks. "I um- I thought you and my dad had this seminar thing to attend," I said, watching his every movement, knowing that the little smile on his face and his intense grey eyes would make a woman swoon any day.

“You don’t have to worry about that, Lauren. The big question is, do you want this or not?”

I managed a sigh. “Why would you do this for me?” I asked, almost whispering.

“Because I don’t think there’s anything I wouldn’t do for you after meeting you yesterday,” he said.

My heart fluttered. “What?”

“I’m just gonna be blunt, Lauren,” he said as he leaned in closer to me. “I felt a connection with you yesterday, and I’m still kinda trying to figure out what it means, but I just know I want to do this for you. Tell me I’m crazy; tell me you didn’t feel it as well, and I’ll forget all of this and go.”

I knew my face was probably as red as beets, but there was no way to stop it. Not when Collin was right in front of me, admitting to something I alone thought I felt. Joy erupted inside me, but at the same time, I knew this would all get complicated.

I bit my lips. “I did, too, but Collin… my dad.”

He nodded curtly. “I know, and that’s why I don’t want to jump the gun, but I can and want to give you that Las Vegas birthday trip, Lauren, if nothing else.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but the waitress returned with our orders, placing the cup of black coffee in front of Collin and the cheese Danish in front of me. “Thank you,” we said in unison before she smiled and left.

I cleared my throat. “I know we just met, and this whole thing is kinda strange and unlike anything I had ever felt in my life, but… I’d like a trip with you, Collin.”

Our gazes met. “Great, but you still have a few days to sleep on it. I don’t want you to feel pressured into anything.”

“I don’t feel pressured. I just don’t want my parents to know about this.”

“Understood.”

“We go, we have our fun and then we return to our normal lives,” I

said, knowing deep down that that might have been the furthest thing from the truth.

Chapter 3

Collin

I couldn't believe that Lauren had actually agreed to go to Vegas with me, and it was all I could think about ever since our meeting yesterday. I still couldn't get her image out of my head and how she managed to be even more beautiful than the first time – which was almost impossible, seeing that Lauren was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on.

I knew this trip was something she might have wanted to be platonic, but I wasn't sure how I could keep myself from touching her soft skin. Blood rushed to my cock every time I thought of her; I could only imagine the sweet torture I'd feel when I was by her side almost all the time. The anticipation was sweet, but I knew better than to think this would be all fun and games.

We had exchanged numbers, and she hadn't texted me since, but I was willing to give her the time she needed to think this through. Maybe I was nothing more than a companion for her on this trip, but I still believed that she wasn't lying when she had said she felt a connection with me too. That one declaration put me on cloud nine, and for as long as I had Lauren, I would stay there.

I tapped my pen to my laptop and gazed through the glass doors at the working personnel on the outside. Mark was on the other side, and I couldn't help but bring him into play. The man had believed in me when nobody else did – saw my idea and decided that he wanted me to join his team. I owed him everything – this sudden splurge of success was all because of him.

I felt awful for what felt like an impending betrayal. To be talking and making plans with his daughter behind his back felt wrong, and yet the need I felt to do this with Lauren seemed to drown out everything. I was waiting for that logic to kick in – to tell me that the only reason I felt that way toward Lauren was because she was beautiful and sexy and all that good stuff. But I had been in the playing field long enough to know the difference between sexual

attraction and emotional connection. With her, it was both. I wanted to fuck her senseless, and yet I wanted her to be by my side in everything I did. I had spent hours, wanting this to be a fluke, waiting for the attraction to wane, but the need intensified every single day.

The big question was; what did Lauren see in me anyway? She could have any man she wanted, yet she had admitted to feeling an attraction toward me. It was insane, and right now, I was counting her as part of my continuous blessings.

"What's got you up in here daydreaming like that?" I snapped myself from my thoughts to find Mark leaning against my door with a smile on his face. I immediately felt guilty because he would have my head on a stake if he only knew what or, rather, who it was.

I quickly cleared my throat as my eyes searched my desk. "Er- just work," I lied.

He sighed. "You push yourself too hard," he chuckled. "I'm heading out to lunch… wanna join?"

"Er – no, you can go ahead. I have a few things to finish up first."

He made a face as he looked behind him. "I really wish you would join. Ben just asked, and I told him I was heading out with you."

I almost rolled my eyes. "What's with that guy anyway? He's such a fucking push-up."

"Don't I know it. He'll be on vacation for a while anyway, so at least you won't see him around here for a bit."

I scoffed. "Looking forward to that."

"Sooo… coming or not?"

I sighed. "How about you indulge Ben this time around; I'm sure he'll give you a break after this," I smiled.

Mark rolled his eyes comically. "Okay, suit yourself, but can I get you anything?"

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "No thanks, man, I'm good."

"Okay then, well, I'll be back," he said as he turned to leave.

A thought occurred to me. "Mark!" I called.

He turned to me. "Yeah?"

“About the seminar this weekend…” I began, not even sure about the excuse I would give.

He huffed. “What? You don’t wanna come?”

“Er-”

“It’s fine Collin. I know you don’t like the boring stuff or the formal interactions,” he chuckled. “I’ll spare you this time around,” he smiled.

I blew out a sigh. “Thanks.”

“It’s all right. As long as one of us attends, it’s good. Plus, unlike you, I’m looking forward to it. You make really good connections at places like these.”

“I bet. I’ll definitely be there the next time.”

“We’ll see,” he chuckled before he left.

I sighed and flopped back into the chair, happy that that part of it went well. Mark was a kind and understanding man, and all this would have been a lot easier if he wasn’t.

***

Later that day, I went home, took a shower and warmed up some food before I went to bed. Lauren was the only thought that occupied my mind lately, so one could imagine my joy when a text message came in on my phone with her name in the notification bar. I almost broke my thumb with how quickly I tapped on it, eager to know what she said.

Hey, may I call you?

I didn’t know why that made me smile, but I was geeking ear to ear in my empty apartment like a schoolboy just discovering the opposite gender.

I didn’t bother to reply. Instead, I sent out the call to her instead and was even happier when her voice came over the line.

“Hello.”

“Lauren, how are you?”

“I’m great. I hope I wasn’t disturbing you or anything.”

“Not at all. In fact, this is quite a pleasant surprise,” I admitted.

There was a brief silence, and I knew she was probably smiling. “Good. Well, I just wanted to let you know that I slept on it like you said, and nothing’s changed.

I smiled. “It has only been a day.”

“A lot can happen in a day, Collin. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you’re trying to convince me not to go with you,” she said, her voice falling a bit.

My heart skipped a beat. “Of course not. I just want you to be comfortable with the idea. No regrets.”

“I am. Aren’t you?”

“Trust me, I want nothing more.”

The line went silent again. “Thanks for doing this with me, Collin. I know we’ve just met, but my dad used to talk about you a lot whenever I was in school, and he would call. This feels right to me.”

“You have no idea how amazing it is to hear that.”

She giggled. “Well, we should start making arrangements then.”

I fluffed the pillows behind my head. “Yeah, I’ll book the flights as soon as I can. We can leave on Friday.”

“Preferably Friday evening. Dad’s leaving in the afternoon, and Mom is leaving in the morning.”

“OK, sure.”

She sighed. “Well, we’ll talk. I don’t want to keep you any longer; I know you need your beauty sleep.”

I laughed. “You flatter me. You’re the real beauty here.”

Silence, so I knew she was smiling again. “Good night, Collin.”

“Goodnight, Lauren.”

The call ended with a smile on my face. The joy I felt when it came to this woman was like no other I had ever felt in a lifetime. I had been a married man at one point in my life, yet the union had never made me feel as happy as I was now. All for a woman I had just known a few days ago. Lauren made me feel alive again – made me

look forward to each day with bated breath. What I wouldn't do to continue hearing her soft-spoken voice or be lost in her clear blue eyes. There was this burst of energy that consumed me, and I knew it was all because of her.

As I stared ahead at the blank wall, thoughts raging, I couldn't help but reflect on my lonely night and wish Lauren was here with me. Just a whiff of her perfume would do me in – that warm, dewy scent that would stain my sheets as she laid beside me, her tiny body curled up on mine.

My cock started to harden in my pants, and for the first time in a long time, I didn't need porn to get me off. I'd found something better. Pushing my hand beneath my boxers, I grabbed my hardening cock and gripped it tightly, imagining that it was Lauren's walls that gripped me. Soon after, I reached over into my bedside table and retrieved the small bottle of lotion that had been stacked there for this particular purpose. Soon my hands were gliding effortlessly down my steely length, my arousal building as I thought about Lauren.

Just to have her perched above me, lowering herself on my length, I would give the world to have such an experience. Her warmth encasing me, her juices flowing down my length. Fuck. I started to pump my flesh faster, moaning and muttering curses when it all seemed too intense. I could imagine her tiny tits that she loved to cover beneath crop tops, all perky and perfect as she bounced on me. Her small mouth open, her sun-like hair bouncing down her naked flesh…

I couldn't hold back myself any longer. I grunted and stiffened, muttering a curse as my seed spurted from my cock and coated the bedsheets. I laid heaving in bed, unable to believe what had just happened. If masturbating to Lauren was so powerful and otherworldly, I could only imagine what the real thing felt like. Fuck, it made me want her even more – which was pretty impossible at this point.

Chapter 4

Lauren

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry we're not going to be here for your birthday," my mom said that following Friday morning as she pulled along her small carry-on suitcase into the living room.

"Don't worry about it, Mom. I understand," I reassured.

She smiled and approached me, clasping my face with both her hands. "I promise we will do something together when we return."

"I'd like that very much," I smiled, and she kissed me before running back to her luggage.

"Safe travel, sweetheart," Dad said as he entered the room with a smile.

Mom smiled. "Thanks, honey; you too."

They kissed, and we waved mom goodbye as she piled her things into the uber she had called. In the next minute, she was gone, and I was left with Dad, who stared at the vehicle until it disappeared around a corner. I patted him on the shoulder.

"I can tell you miss her already," I said.

"I always do, but I'm looking to get some time this winter. I'll be giving most of the power to Collin for some time."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You'll start working in less than a year. Maybe have your own practice someday; Collin is the only person I trust capable of taking over when I retire. I have to start getting him in the frame of mind soon," he said, and I swallowed the lump in my throat as I gave it thought. Guilt ate at me because the last thing I wanted to do was jeopardize the relationship between him and my father. But at the same time, it was like something within me called for Collin. This was my dad, who I've known all my life, and then there was a man I had met less than a week ago.

"I should start preparing to leave," he said, breaking through my thoughts. He smiled at me and left; I flopped down on the sofa beside me and reached for my phone that was on the coffee table. I bit my lips and stared down at the device, knowing that the right thing to do would be to call Collin and tell him that I couldn't make the trip.

How could I spend a weekend in the most sinful city on earth with someone my father depended on in so many ways? But this trip was

innocent, right? Although Collin and I shared a connection, we had no plans to sleep with each other, right? But who was I kidding? How could I resist the first man I had ever felt sexually and emotionally attracted to? For the first time in forever, I had naughty dreams that involved this man and only him.

"Lauren?" a voice came, and my heart almost jumped out of my chest when I realized I had sent out the call to Collin.

"Er…Collin hey…"

"Ready for later?" he asked, and I could hear the excitement in his voice. I bit my lips as my mouth opened up to tell him that I couldn't go with him, but the words weighed on my tongue.

"Lauren, is everything okay?" he asked and I closed my eyes.

"Yeah, sorry. I was just slightly distracted, but yeah, everything is fine. I was just calling to see if you're all set," I said as I bit my lips and cringed at myself.

"Yeah, I'm packing my bag as we speak."

"Last minute packer, I see."

"Nah, I still wanted to give you some time to think about this. I almost thought this call was you calling it quits on it."

I swallowed. "I had a bit of cold feet earlier, but I really want this, Collin."

"Me too. I'll pick you up at six, then."

"See you then."

I shouldn't be smiling after knowing what my father had plans for a man who I was lusting over, but I couldn't help the joy that filled me whenever I talked to Collin or even thought about him. Maybe it was a crush that would fade after Las Vegas; I didn't know. I wanted this weekend more than anything, yet I knew I couldn't do anything but be platonic with Collin if I wanted to keep the peace.

With a sigh, I ran up to my bedroom and packed the remainder of the things I wanted to carry with me.

***

Six hours later, we boarded the plane, and my heart started to gallop in my chest. I felt sweaty, and my heart seemed as if it would lurch out of my chest any second.

"Hey, wanna take the window?" Collin asked.

I shook my head and took a seat beside him, wiping at my forehead

and clearing my throat. I gripped the armrest when it started on the runway and stiffened when it took off into the air. I was heaving, and it seemed I would pass out; no one seemed to exist in the room except me and my fear.

But then I felt a large hand enclose mine, the warmth spreading through my body. I popped my eyes open to find Collin staring at me, concern etched on his face.

"It's alright. Everything is gonna be fine," he said.

I shook my head and resisted the urge to cry. "It's stupid, I know, but I just can't get over this part," I exclaimed shakily.

"Hey, look at me," Collin said as he peeled my hand from the furniture and took it into his. I stared into his grey eyes and blinked away the fogginess in my own. "Take a deep breath and just imagine the fun we're about to have soon," he smiled. I looked at him because he said so and because it was hard not to look when he was this good-looking. His strong jawline, arrow-straight nose and the small dusting of freckles, which you could only see if you were close enough. His gaze held mine, and it was like a magnetic field was between us. His hand on mine didn't make matters easier – the warmth spreading through my body, the need that throbbed between my legs.

Suddenly, the flight wasn't the reason for my speeding heart, but my nerves had calmed, and I no longer felt like my world was going to end. If anything, I felt safer, knowing that Collin was here beside me.

When I calmed, his hold on my hand had not faltered. "Why didn't you tell me you were scared of flights?"

I shrugged. "I didn't want it to ruin anything, and I hadn't been on a plane in such a long time; I just thought I'd gotten over it."

He nodded. "Well, you don't need to be scared of anything once I'm beside you," he said with a smile of pearly whites.

I smiled. "I know that now."

Collin held my hand for the rest of the journey, even when I was absolutely calm. Regardless, it gave me some comfort and deep down, I knew this was probably the closest I'd come to having him this close to me – to be touching me.

***

We took a cab to our hotel room, and though I had not given it an ounce of thought, I felt sad to know that we had separate rooms. It was silly thinking, but a girl could dream, right?

“Well, we’re officially in sin city,” Collin said. “What do you plan to do on your first night?”

I blew out a breath as my eyes scanned the busy hotel lobby. “I have no idea. Could we maybe stay in tonight? I don’t think I have enough energy to roam the streets of Las Vegas tonight.”

He laughed. “Sure thing. We can order room service. Your room or mine?”

Somehow, that had me pausing for a bit as if the question meant something completely different. My cheeks flamed, and by the look in Collin’s eyes, I knew he saw it.

“Er mine… Could you just give me about twenty minutes to take a shower and get settled?”

“Yeah, sure.”

We took an elevator up to our room. Collin went to the room that was opposite mine. I sighed as soon as I got in, wanting to temper the heat that blazed throughout my body in his presence. The lavish interior was much of an attention grabber with its pure white walls and the huge bed that rested on light grey hardwood flooring. As I paced the room, I realized the center of attention was the glass doors that led to the balcony, reflecting the colorful lights of the city. I opened the door and was greeted by the cold wind and the noisy hustle and bustle of the city. Collin had picked a hotel in the center of it all, and my mouth fell open as I soaked up the jubilant display of life around me.

I was smiling from ear to ear, already knowing in my heart that this would be a great weekend. This was already a great start. I dashed to the bathroom and took a quick shower before I pulled on a cotton shorts set that I had ordered for this particular purpose. I bound my hair in a ponytail, checked the time, and then texted Collin as soon as it hit the twenty-minute mark. When he knocked on the door, it was back to square one with him and how he made me feel.

I opened the door to find him on the other side, dressed in grey shorts and a black T-shirt that highlighted his beefy pecs and his muscular arms. After I realized I had been staring for too long, I had to catch myself and clear my throat.

“Come in.” He dipped under the doorway and came inside. I could smell the soap on him – the same one stacked inside my bathroom. But he had on his signature perfume, too – the mixture creating the most swoon-worthy scent in history. Collin took a seat in one of the lounge chairs while I hopped on the bed.

“So, what will we be ordering?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t mind a juicy double cheeseburger right now with large fries,” he said as he perked up a brow at me.

“I think I’ll get the hot wings.”

“Ok, well, then it’s settled. I’m starving,” he exclaimed, and I giggled.

“Hold your horses, big guy; you’re not dying on my watch.”

He chuckled heartily while I reached for the phone and made the order. Collin didn’t take his eyes off me as I did so.

“So I did my research before we got here and checked out some of the places we could visit. We’re definitely going on the high roller,” he said.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“A giant rotating wheel that gives you a pretty good view of the city,” he said, clearly amused.

“That sounds great, but this right here is the second best thing,” I said as I looked toward the balcony and then at him. “Collin, you didn’t have to do this – this place is clearly expensive…but I’ll definitely give you back my share of expenses,” I said.

“Are you kidding me?” he chuckled. “What kind of man would I be if I allowed that to happen? Lauren, don’t worry about it.”

I sighed, and he shuffled in his chair. “Come on, tell me about college life,” he said as he relaxed, ready for a story he was sure I would tell.

I licked my lips. “Well, college is pretty much blah for me. But I know what I have to do, and I haven’t let anything get in the way of that.”

“Well, that doesn’t sound like much fun,” he said as he raised a brow at me.

“Is school ever fun?” I asked as I made a face.

He laughed. “It can be if you make it.”

“Well, I can just imagine you being the cool guy in school; everybody wants to be your friend,” I said, and he laughed and rubbed the nape of his neck, guilty. “Tell me, how does a guy like you get into tech?”

“A guy like me?” he asked, mirth in his voice. “Should I be offended?”

I grinned. “No, but I mean… I know there’s a stereotype, and I might be guilty of it… but aren’t tech guys usually puny and nerdy?”

“I mean, you have your dad as an example, who could blame you,” he said, and I burst out laughing while he sat with a smile on his face, watching the whole thing.

I blushed and cleared my throat. “So… how did you get into the tech business?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. I guess I was always fascinated by it, so I watched a couple of videos and did some research. It kinda came naturally. I didn’t always use my powers for good, though,” he smiled. “In high school, I was hacking into the school’s computer system for tests – and in college, I just got better at it. The coding stuff, I mean, not the cheating.”

I grinned. “How did you meet my dad?”

“Well, I was working for this small company a couple of years back, and your dad came in; I pitched an idea to him, and he took me on his team. It was a huge deal for me, so I didn’t stop until he saw that I was actually good at what I do. Last year, he decided to make me a partner, and my life hasn’t been the same since. I owe everything to him,” he said.

I hung my head and started to pick at my fingers in my lap. “I like you, Collin,” I said in what sounded like a whisper. “More than I’ve ever liked any guy in my life, but I think we both understand that nothing can happen between us,” I looked back up at him, and our gazes met. “Even if we want it to.”

“Lauren-”

“If my dad finds out, who knows what he’ll do. I don’t want to ruin multiple relationships by risking it all for one.”

“Lauren –”

A knock suddenly came at the door. “Room service!”

“We’d better get that,” I said as I slid off the bed. I could hear Collin’s deep sigh behind me.

Chapter 5

Collin

I knew Lauren had a point, yet it was hard to concentrate on anything apart from her slender, creamy legs housed in shorts that barely covered her ass. How could I think logically when she had sat there on the bed, leaving me with no choice but to think about the things I could be doing to her on it. Logic was lost with me – and call me stupid, but nothing mattered more than having Lauren in every aspect of my life.

We were already less than five hours in the sin city, and temptation was running wild. We were inside her hotel room, with no one to watch or judge, and my cock knew that. I knew that with a little seduction, I could have her beneath me, moaning and writhing. But Lauren deserved the best, and I wouldn't make a move unless she asked me to. Right now, she was still skeptical about what she wanted, and I was willing to give her the time to decide. But fuck, it was torture.

We ate in relative silence because we were both hungry and took our time to eat before he got another conversation going. As I watched as she tore at the meat like a scavenger, I smiled. Somehow, I had expected her to be shy in that aspect- heck, I was expecting a salad instead of chicken wings, but here the petite beauty was again surprising me. I could watch and admire her all day, even when her cheeks were filled with food, her small lips were greasy, and her fingers were filled with sauce.

I never imagined I would enjoy such a thing, but I didn't know what about Lauren I wouldn't like. What would seem like imperfections to others were simply beautiful to me.

She wiped her hands in a napkin and swallowed what she had left in her mouth before gulping down her drinks and finally looking at me. She must have realized I'd been staring because her cheeks immediately flushed red, and she looked away.

"You know, all of a sudden, I'm not feeling tired anymore. Wanna go for a walk?" she asked.

I glanced at my watch. "Are you sure? It's almost ten."

"And it's Las Vegas. Come on," she said as she got up and headed for her suitcase, where she pulled out a coat.

"Okay, just give me a minute to grab my wallet. I'll meet you in the

lobby."

"Okay."

***

The Las Vegas strip was just full of life, and who better to explore it with than Lauren? There was this permanent smile on her face as she walked and looked around – feasting her eyes on everything and being amused by anything. There was a sparkle in her eyes that told me I had made the right decision by bringing her here. What I wouldn't do to see this look on her face for a lifetime.

"Come on, I have something to show you," I said as I grabbed her small hands and wielded her along a different path. She giggled and hopped along beside me, bursting with joy and energy.

"Where are we going?" she asked as she ran beside me, her ponytail bouncing down her back.

"You'll see," I said, and before long, we paused in front of a fountain, where people had started to gather, phones out to capture the moment.

Lauren looked at me with a look of puzzlement on her face. "What's going on?" she asked, her eyes roaming over the small crowd.

I chuckled as I glanced at my watch. "You really don't know anything about Las Vegas, do you?"

She grinned. "Nah, just what I saw in movies. I just know it's fun."

"Ok, so all you know is getting hitched and gambling because that's all the movies show."

"True."

Our attention strayed when the fountain in front of us erupted with beautiful, colorful spurts of water. Lauren's mouth fell open as she looked at it and then glanced at me. I smiled as I watched the waterworks and how captivated she and everyone were by it. Classical music came on, and it was like the water was dancing to every beat, the spurts swaying from side to side as the colors changed, as well as the formation of the fountain. A series of 'ohh's and ahhhs' filled the air as the amazed spectators captured the moment with their phones.

Lauren glanced at me. "Oh, my gosh, this is amazing!" she exclaimed, eyes fastened to the attraction yet again.

We watched the masterpiece for about four minutes until it stopped, to be active again soon. After that, people started to leave, but some

stayed, and more came on for the other one, which would be on again soon.

“That’s legit the coolest thing I’ve ever seen!” she said in awe as we left the spot and started walking down the strip again.

“Yeah, it’s pretty cool,” I said.

We passed a chapel with people lined up, waiting to get hitched. Some were in casual clothes, while others had taken the time to dress the part in wedding attire. Lauren paused to look before she glanced at me.

“People are this eager to get married?” she asked as she stared at the small gathering.

“You’d be surprised. A couple of years back, I was the same.”

Her head flashed to me. “You were married.”

“Yeah, didn’t last a year. I quickly realized I had made a mistake,” I explained.

“Why?” she asked.

“She didn’t know what it meant to be loyal. The whole thing was a joke really.”

“Did you love her?”

“I thought I did but quickly realized that I didn’t. That was just one crazy part of my life that I’m happy is over.”

She nodded. “Well, it’s late. We’d better head back to the hotel.”

We walked back as we engaged in small chit-chat. When we got back, Lauren paused at the front of her door and turned to me with a smile on her face.

“I really enjoyed tonight, Collin. Thank you.”

I smiled. “Don’t mention it.”

Before I saw it coming, she crashed into my arms and hugged me. I froze at the unexpectedness but quickly welcomed the feel of her soft body pressing against mine. She felt so incredibly small like I could wrap her away and keep her all to myself. Being so close, I could smell the shampoo in her hair and took a hearty whiff of her sweet scent. She was warm, and her body fit into mine perfectly.

My cock started to stir as my hands slid around her small waist, which was probably small enough to measure with one hand. When she broke apart, my heart sank, but she didn’t step away.

Instead, she remained there, staring up at me. She licked her lips,

and I could tell she was nervous. My eyes were suddenly drawn to the spot, forced to admire the lush pink and the juicy fullness.

She went on tippy toes as her lips drew closer to mine. I knew what was about to happen, and I knew the right thing would be to step away. But I couldn't resist. Not when she was so sweet – not when my body was responding to every single inch of her.

I lowered my lips to meet hers, and when her soft, feathery lips touched mine, I knew I was a goner. I wrapped my hands around her and pulled her closer to me, allowing her body to be pressed against mine again while I scored the sweetness from her mouth. I found her tongue and quickly guided mine over hers before I sucked on her lips and went back in again. My body was burning at a fever pitch, each second getting even hotter. My cock started to expand in my pants, and I knew she could feel it. She moaned, and I kissed her deeper, almost lost in the taste of her sweetness. I pressed her against me, letting her feel my hardness against her, so she knew how much I wanted her.

She gasped against my mouth and lightly sucked on my lips before she pulled apart and folded her lips.

"We shouldn't; I'm sorry," she said. I took a moment to process because it took everything within me not to pull her against me and kiss her hard and deep again before pushing her into the bedroom to fuck her the same.

I shook my head as if to clear it and then cleared my throat. "Yeah, you're right. I…" I trailed off, not knowing what the fuck to say.

"Goodnight, Collin."

"Goodnight, Lauren." She smiled, and then she disappeared into the room. I muttered a curse as I raked my hands through my hair and kicked at nothing in particular.

Chapter 6

Lauren

It was almost noon, and the plan was to go to a museum in the day and then the popular high roller later tonight. Yet I couldn't seem to get myself out of bed. I'd been stuck daydreaming about Collin and the kiss we'd shared the previous night. It was like a scratched record in my head – one that I couldn't get tired of no matter how many times I played it over. I still felt warm and fuzzy on the inside, as I had felt last night when it happened. Everything was still vivid in my head. How soft his lips had been, how warm and fresh he had felt when I was so close to him.

But something had stood out to me – literally. It was his manhood that had been pressed against me while I kissed him. I had no doubt that it was big; I just knew it. A flutter had been in my stomach ever since, and it was hard to shake – not that I wanted to. An intense need was building inside me now–a craving I had never felt before. Part of me wanted to explore it in its entirety, but then I was brought back to my dad and the plans he had in store for Collin. The attraction I felt toward him was one thing, but sex would take this to a whole other level that would complicate things more than it already was.

I moaned, dragged myself out of bed, took a shower, and pulled on a little sundress and decided to sport it without wearing any bra. Then, blowing out a sigh, I left my room and proceeded to meet Collin in the lobby where we had agreed.

As soon as I saw him, I could feel the blush warming my cheeks at the reminder of last night. He was wearing fitted denim and his usual T-shirt with sunglasses on that made him look like a movie star. He just had it all, didn't he?

"Hey," I said as I approached him.

"You look great," he smiled, adjusting his shades.

"Thanks. So, what's on the agenda today?" I asked.

"I guess we could walk around, get some lunch. I really wanted to visit the museum, though…"

"Then the museum it is," I said.

We visited the mob museum, where we were given a guide on the most renowned criminals in history. Collin was soaking up every bit of information while I, on the other hand, was just fascinated by the artifacts that were inside. An hour later, we had lunch, visited a few

shops, and before we knew it, it was nighttime.

“Are you having fun?” Collin asked me after we began our walk to another of Las Vegas’s attractions.

“Are you kidding me? This is the most fun I’ve had in my entire life.”

He grinned. “Good. Now for what I think will be your favorite part.”

“Ouu, let’s see!” I almost squealed in excitement.

When we got there, we paid and joined a line that flowed into a huge pod housing more than thirty people. Collin and I stepped inside the glass structure, and I was amazed to find that there was also a bar inside.

“Can I get you anything to drink?” he asked, glancing toward the bar area.

“Er, a margarita…but not too strong,” I said.

Collin smiled, “Noted,” and moved towards the bar.

I walked toward the windows, astounded by the whole thing. Soon, the gears started to get in place, and the pod was lifted off the ground. Collin returned with the drinks and handed one to me. I thanked him as I glanced at what seemed to be whiskey in his hand and took a sip.

“Perfect; thank you.”

Before long, the giant Ferris wheel started to rotate, slowly welcoming the view of the beautiful Las Vegas City. Everyone was in awe – including myself as the skyrises with the colorful lights came into view. We could even see the fountain we had visited the previous night and the waterworks it had going on for it.

“This is just so beautiful,” I said in awe, my words so low that I doubted Collin even heard me.

“Indeed,” he simply said. I glanced up at him to see his gaze transfixed on the beautiful view ahead. A small smile was on his face, and my heart felt whole just looking at this man. I knew I was in too deep, but maybe that wasn’t such a bad thing,

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We walked back to the hotel room, laughing over some joke Collin had shared. I was just so filled with happiness that it was hard to put it into words. This whole experience had been the best thing that ever happened in my life, and that was all thanks to Collin.

He walked me to my door as usual and watched as I opened the door before he tucked his hands into his pockets and smiled.

“Well, today has been great; I’ll see you tomorrow, Lauren,” he said as he turned to leave.

My heart started to plummet in my chest, and I knew if I let this opportunity pass, I might never get the chance again. There was a lot to lose by doing this, but I was optimistic that there was a lot to be gained as well.

I reached for his hand and grabbed onto his wrist. Collin turned around with a puzzled look on his face as he searched my eyes.

“Is everything okay?” He asked.

I swallowed and slowly nodded. “Don’t leave…. Stay, please,” I said just above a whisper.

He was silent as he tried to find meaning in my words. “Lauren…?”

I didn’t wait for a possible rejection. Instead, I flung myself at him, crashing my lips to his as I hoped for a repeat of the other night. He kissed me back with just as much neediness, his hands wrapping around me as he kissed me so passionately, my toes curled in my sandals. That familiar heat sluiced through my body in powerful waves, settling between my legs.

He broke apart for a brief moment to look at me, his lush pink lips apart as he tried to speak. “I swear you’re fucking killing me right now, Lauren.”

I licked my lips and met his gaze, wanting him to see that I was serious about what I wanted.

“I know things can get complicated, but can we just live in this moment?” She asked. “I want you to make love to me, Collin.”

His eyes darkened, and his sharp jawline clenched as he stared down at me. I didn’t know much about desire, but it was clear in his grey eyes, and I knew he wanted me just as much as I wanted him.

“Are you sure?” He asked, his voice suddenly husky.

“I’m sure,” I said softly.

He stepped toward me, held my face with both his hands and kissed me hard. We were still in the hallway, where anyone passing could see us, but I didn’t care. Collin seemed to wield a power that made me forget anyone existed in the moment but him. I didn’t see anything else; all I could feel was his soft lips against mine, his low stubble that slightly tickled my skin while his hard body pressed against mine. The longer we kissed, the more I could feel his blooming erection – the

evidence of his desire for me.

I moaned against him as we stumbled inside, Collin using his foot to kick the door shut. I started to fumble with his belt while he pried down the straps of my dress from my shoulders. My perky breasts jumped out at him because I had decided earlier that I wouldn't wear any bra. He stepped back, tearing his mouth from mine as he stared down at them with a dangerous glint in his eyes. My chest rose and fell as I stared back at him, feeling my body flush with the heat from his inspection. There was no self-consciousness; in fact, with how he looked at me, I felt like the sexiest woman in the world.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," he exclaimed before he swiftly pulled off his shirt and tossed it into a corner of the room. My eyes wandered over the hard ridges of his chest, taking in every muscle that was carved over his body. He seemed more giant as he looked over me in his purest form, his hair a little rugged from the intense kiss we'd just shared.

As he watched me, I decided to peel my dress further down my body until it pooled in a pile at my ankles. His eyes traveled the length of me, settling on the red lace panties I had on.

"You're so beautiful, Lauren; you know that?" He said raspily while pulling down his pants at the same time. I watched with bated breath as he did so, my mouth falling open at the tent in his boxers. I didn't have time to process how long it was because, in the next instant, Collin was pulling it down just to show me how much. I gasped as his manhood sprung free, dangling a bit before it steadied upward. I couldn't take my eyes off it even if I tried. Suddenly, I began to wonder if I was jumping the gun by doing this. Collin was a well-endowed man, and I didn't have the experience to match up to it, though I already knew how wet I was. I could feel the arousal that pumped through me and the wetness pooling in my vagina.

"I– you're big," I stuttered.

He chuckled as he approached me. There were no words to deny it because he knew it was true.

"I'll be gentle, I promise," he said.

I licked my lips and opened my mouth to the kiss he offered, his bare length pressing against my stomach. It was hard and beefy, and if I paid close enough attention, I could feel it throbbing against me. But it was hard to keep up with what I was feeling because I was feeling everything. It was like my body had entered another universe, and I was experiencing the newness that came with it.

We moved towards the bed with our lips joined. He guided me until

my back pressed against the mattress while he hovered over me.

My heart was beating fast, and the AC in the room did nothing to temper the heat that assaulted my body.

Collin captured one of my small breasts in his mouth, and I gasped as he sucked on it, his warm mouth intensifying the pleasure that sucking on them was already giving. My back arched, and I moaned as he went from one to the other, giving each the same treatment as he lapped on them with skillful accuracy. As he did this, his hands slid down my hips and across my stomach before he finally settled them between my legs.

I was becoming breathless, the anticipation killing me.

“Oh, Collin,” I whispered as I thrashed around on the bed.

His fingers found my slit, dancing along the sensitive flesh with feather-like strokes before a single digit parted my lips. I moaned and reached for his head, raking my fingers through his hair. I didn’t know what to do, but Collin seemed to have it all figured out.

I parted my legs a little, wanting to give him more access as his finger rubbed the bud of my clit.

I swung my head from side to side as his fingers dipped inside me while he sucked hard on my tits. I gasped and stiffened when his fingers went a bit too deep and felt my face redden when he paused to look at me.

“Lauren….”

I swallowed the lump in my throat because I wanted to cry for not telling Collin about this sooner. The last thing I wanted him to do was to stop, and he was on the verge of doing so as he looked to me for answers.

“I’ve never had sex before,” I admitted, watching as his eyes widened.

“Wha– how’s that even possible?” He asked, clearly confused.

“I just never thought anyone was good enough – until now.”

He stared at me wordlessly. “Lauren, you realize that nothing can go back to normal after this, right?”

I bit my lips. “Can we worry about that after, please? Right now, the only thing I can think about is you making love to me,” I admitted truthfully.

He smiled. “Yes, ma’am.”

He was back to the kissing. Kissing me all over my face and then to

my breasts, which I realized would probably be a future favorite – assuming there was one to be had after this. His fingers found my flesh again as he dipped it inside my snatch.

"You're so wet for me, baby," he said as he went up to kiss my mouth. His finger continued to drive back and forth inside me until he added another that made my head start to spin. I gripped onto the sheets and closed my eyes to bask in the bliss as his strong digits pleasured me. I had thought that one finger would be big enough for my virgin hole but apparently, two fit easily, and it made me less nervous about taking his length.

Collin filled me with gentle strokes before he pulled his fingers out and rubbed the wet digits along my sensitive clit. I shivered at the wave of pleasure that passed through me and reached for his hand to put it to a stop.

"I want you now… please," I begged because it was the only thing I could ever beg for. Pleasure that was inevitable with a man that my heart was just bursting with joy for.

Collin eased up a bit and ran his wet fingers over the bulbous tip of his stellar manhood. I grew even wetter as I watched the sight before me, anticipating the moment when it would be buried inside me.

I pulled his mouth down to mine and kissed him while he adjusted himself between my legs. His cock grazed my thighs, and I moaned. Soon after, it was grazing my glistening lips as Collin guided it to my entrance. I parted my legs as wide as I could because I knew I'd need as much room as possible.

"It'll hurt only for a moment, but I promise to make you feel good afterward."

I nodded and held my breath as his hardness breached my flesh and gained access inside. He only had the tip in, but I already felt so stretched and filled. He kissed me again, his lips never leaving mine as he drove his cock deeper, thrusting a bit harder as he broke my hymen. I clamped my eyes shut and groaned against his lips as brief pain shot through my body.

Collin paused, brushed back a few tendrils of hair from my forehead and looked deep into my eyes.

"It's okay; the worst part is over," he said softly, placing a brief kiss on my nose before he started to move inside me.

My mouth fell open as his dick stroked my tender walls. He was so big that I doubted there would be any pleasure after all, but he didn't stop moving until all the discomfort started to fade.

His eyes were still pinned to mine, taking in every emotion that passed across my face.

He was so gentle that I felt like crying. What better man to lose my virginity to than him? My nipples brushed against his chest as he fucked me, his pace increasing as pleasure took over my body. Collin started to slide inside me with a bit more ease as he tried to get more of his cock inside me each time.

“Oh!” I exclaimed when he hit a spot that almost had me coming on the spot.

“Do you like this baby? Do you like what my cock is doing to you right now?” He asked, his voice thick with desire.

“Oh, yes, Collin, everything feels so good, yes,” I purred as I clung to him.

“Do you want more?” He asked, and I nodded because I was too speechless for words.

He drove the rest of his cock inside me, and I screamed at the pleasure and pain that erupted through me. He paused again to help me adjust, kissing along my neck and my face.

“Fuck me, please.”

He obliged, moving even faster now, the sounds of our sexes creating music in the room. I was so wet, which was evident in the ‘schlopping’ sounds my pussy made when he moved back and forth inside me.

My flesh clamped around him, hugging his cock for the amazing job it was doing. I felt overwhelmed; I felt like I was about to lose my mind in the best possible way. I wanted more; I wanted everything.

“Harder, please,” I begged as sweat glistened on my body.

Collin held my leg up, pinched my nipples between his teeth and started to fuck me relentlessly.

I started to scream out, but it wasn’t in pain. It was the complete opposite.

“Ohhh, oh yes!” I exclaimed.

“I want you to understand that after tonight, you’re mine, Lauren. No other man will ever say they’ve had this glorious pussy. You’re mine.” He hissed as he continued to fill me with hard, deep thrusts.

“Yes, Collin! Yes!” I shouted back as my walls clamped around him.

His cock slipped out for a brief moment, and I gasped at the dismissal. I felt so empty, but soon I was filled again in one hard

stroke that had me coming and screaming my orgasm.

I thrashed around on the bed and muttered words I knew wouldn't make any sense later. Everything was all too intense. My heart was pounding out of my chest, and the state my body was currently in was something I couldn't use mere words to describe. I clung to Collin in the midst of my orgasm, but he still continued to fuck me, feeding off the tightness in my milking pussy.

"Oh, fuck! Yes, baby… come for daddy!" He said.

His words might have triggered another orgasm from me. Collin as my daddy Dom was too much to fathom.

I quivered as he continued to rail me until he grunted and finally pulled his cock out. He used his hands to pump it twice, and then his cum was shooting all over my stomach – all the way up to my breasts.

He moaned aloud until every last drop was emptied onto me. I laid there as I came down from my own high, too fulfilled to do anything but lay there.

Collin propped himself up on his elbow beside me and smiled down at my exhausted form.

"How do you feel?" He asked.

"Better than I've ever felt in my entire life," I said as I tried to catch my breath.

"Good," he said as he kissed me.

I licked my lips, and my cheeks warmed at my impending question. I bit my lips. "Can we do it again?"

Collin's eyes popped out. "Well, aren't you the insatiable minx."

I giggled.

"You don't ever have to ask, baby. My cock is yours to take whenever you want it."

Chapter 7

Collin

I went to the bathroom and prepared a warm cloth before reentering the bedroom to find Lauren lying there with a smile. Her whole body was flushed, her nipples still tight and pointy with arousal. Even now, I still salivated over tasting them. They were like little pebbles that tasted like a lollipop. Her whole body was sweet – a kind of drug that you couldn't get out of your system.

My cock still throbbed to have her. Heck, I'd have her a thousand times over in the same night. My boner hadn't died; it was still raging, and after the request Lauren had made earlier, there was no calming it anytime soon.

I felt like the luckiest man in the world as I stared at her on the bed, ready to have me again. Her hair was tousled, and she was glowing in the aftermath of our lovemaking.

I approached her and used the cloth to wipe at her entrance before I wiped away the cum I had dispensed on her. She moaned still, her small hands sliding down my arm as I did so. As I stared at her naked pussy, I wanted to have her right then and then. It was so small that it was a wonder she had managed to take my cock. It was like I could still feel her tightness wrapped around my length, incredibly warm and soft, as she worked to juice the cum from my cock. I've had a lot of women in my bed, but nothing compared to Lauren's virgin cunt.

Unable to stop myself, I placed the cloth to the side and kissed Lauren hard and deep, exploring her warm, sweet mouth that caressed me just as needily.

"I want you on all fours, baby. Do you think you can handle that?" I whispered in her ear. She ran her hot little fingers down my body, and my cock hardened to steel.

"I think so," she said almost breathlessly as she rolled over, arched her back and looked over her shoulder at me.

I muttered a curse as my eyes latched onto her ass, which was perched in the air, her pretty pink pussy on full display and her cute little rosebud above.

I slid my hands down her pristine body and went under to squeeze her full breasts, which fitted into my palms perfectly. Lauren moaned and spread her legs wider, eagerly waiting to have my cock again.

Her round little ass cheeks were soft to the touch – unblemished

like the rest of her body. I squeezed each and parted them with my hands, watching as her pussy lips stretched open from the action.

“Gosh, I don’t know when I’ll ever get over how beautiful you are,” I said as rubbed her velvet-like pussy between my fingers.

She moaned and shuffled a little on the bed, pushing her ass out to me.

I smiled to myself and obliged her as I guided my throbbing cock to her entrance. I watched the whole time as the head of my length popped inside her warm cavern, her flesh parting to the side as it granted me access. I licked my lips and resisted the urge to curse again as I sunk inch after inch inside her, watching as it disappeared into her warmth.

“Oh, Collin!” Lauren mewled as she gripped the bedsheets, probably as tight as her pussy was gripping me right now.

“Nice and easy, baby,” I whispered as I got three-quarters of my cock inside her. I pulled back and watched as her pussy creamed my length before I went back in again.

“So tight,” I said between clenched teeth as I grabbed her ass cheeks and started to up my pace.

Her moans were constant as she went back and forth on my length. Her pussy was so juicy that it started to sluice out from her lips as I impaled her repeatedly. Yet, she was still as tight as a vice grip, persuading an orgasm from me maybe sooner than I had anticipated.

My cock swelled inside her as I fucked her, and while I didn’t want to hurt her, I also couldn’t hold back the feeling that washed through me.

I started to pound her hard, driving my cock inside her to the hilt before I pulled back and went again. Lauren’s cries echoed through the room as her pussy tightened around me.

She wailed and flung her hand back to stop my thrusting.

“Oh, my God, Collin. I don’t think I can handle anymore. It’s too much this way,” she said breathlessly.

Guilt tore at me. I pulled my cock out of her and settled behind her as she went on her side on the bed. I kissed her shoulders.

“I’m so sorry, baby. I didn’t mean to hurt you,” I whispered.

“You didn’t. It just felt like I was going to pass out,” she said, and her cheeks flushed a bright red. “Maybe we could try that one again another time?”

I kissed her ear. “Of course.”

She turned to me with a smile on her face, her sweet musky scent making me heady with arousal.

“We could try like this,” she said as she kissed me, her small fingers running along my jawline.

My hands slid down her body, down the slight flare at her hips. I held her ass cheeks and pulled her closer to me, so close I could feel her nipples pressed against mine.

She lifted her legs and draped them over my hip while I adjusted myself and used one hand to guide my cock to her entrance. I filled her with one stroke, and she gasped, her heated breath adding to the heat already raging between us.

I held her ass and pushed myself up into her, her wetness lubricating my way. She already started to clench down on me while I tried to hold onto every bit of control not to bust into her. We collected each other’s breath as the pleasure soared between us. Lauren was whimpering like a baby as I drilled her, her cute little mouth opened.

“Cum for me, baby. Come for daddy,” I exclaimed as I grappled on to her slippery body, giving her everything I had.

Her fingers dug into my skin as she cried out and started to move her hips to meet my thrusts. I rolled her over on her back without dislodging and fucked her in missionary until she was calling my name like I was the God she prayed to. The sweet rush of her orgasm bathed my cock as she quivered and writhed beneath me.

I grunted as I pulled out. A second slower and I would have been coming inside her. My seed plastered her pussy lips, some landing on her stomach in a small puddle.

I collapsed beside Lauren, who was breathing hard as she stared at the ceiling fan, her mouth slightly opened as she tried her best to catch her breath.

I glanced at my phone on the side table and smiled as I turned to her.

“Happy birthday, baby.”

Chapter 8

Lauren

If someone had told me a week ago that I would be spending my birthday with the man of my dreams, I would have laughed in their face. This had already been the best birthday I'd had in my whole life, and all thanks were due to the man who laid across me in the bed. He was still asleep with one hand propped across his chest and the sheets barely draped across his midsection.

I bit my lips and watched him, reflecting on the night we'd shared. It was hard to keep track of how many times we had made love, but after what seemed like the millionth round, we finally collapsed in exhaustion and fell asleep.

I could feel the soreness between my legs – evidence of all that had happened and what Collin had done to me. I blushed at the reminder and snuggled up to him. Although this man had fulfilled me on degrees, I didn't even think anyone was capable of; I still wanted him over and over again.

It only proved that this Las Vegas trip couldn't be a one-time thing. I couldn't just go home and forget everything that had happened between us and return to normal. I didn't see it being possible. Not now, not ever.

My hands crept below the sheets, and I caught his length in my hand, which was still surprisingly semi-erect. He shuffled a bit as I started to glide my hand back and forth on him, feeling as he hardened in my hand. It was still so fascinating, and I wondered if it were something I'd ever get tired of. I didn't think I'd tire of seeing Collin's length, touching it – feeling it inside me. The only thing left to do was taste it, and even now, as I thought about it, I could feel the saliva pooling in my mouth.

Deciding to be spontaneous, I shuffled down on the bed and settled myself between his toned legs. I held his cock, massaged it for a little while and then opened my mouth to take in the tip. The slightly salty taste and the tanginess caught me off guard, but its smoothness had me wanting to taste more.

Collin finally opened his eyes, which widened when he saw me perched there.

"Lauren, what—"

"Shhh, I want to do this," I said as I slid my tongue over the

pinkish head. He moaned and propped himself up to look at me. I felt motivated to do my best, even though this was something I had never done before.

The tip of my tongue dangled in the tiny hole in the head, creating wet circles around it until I covered it completely with my mouth. I opened my mouth as wide as possible to accommodate him, trying to get more than just the tip in my mouth. The corners of my mouth stretched, and my saliva started to drain down his length. But with one quick swipe, I lapped it all up and went down on him again.

“You’re fucking incredible, Lauren!” Collin exclaimed as he started to breathe hard. I started to suck on him, bobbing my head back and forth on what I could manage to take in. More saliva ran from my lips, but I didn’t let up on pleasuring the cock that had done wonders to my pussy.

I started twisting it around the base with one hand while I sucked on the top, plucking it from my mouth in a pop occasionally.

Collin’s hand found my hair as his strong fingers massaged my scalp.

“Just like that, baby,” he said huskily, and I increased my pace. Emboldened by the desire in me and Collin’s encouraging words, I tried to take all of him in my throat but failed drastically. As soon as the tip touched my throat, I gagged, saliva pooling in my mouth.

Collin was still massaging my head as I bobbed my head on his cock. He held my head in place and thrust his hip upwards, sending his length deeper into my mouth but not deep enough for me to gag.

I tightened my lips around him and continued to suck him until his enthusiasm could be felt throughout the room.

“Fuck, Lauren, I’m gonna come!” He said, but I still didn’t let up. If I couldn’t have his cum in my vagina, then I would have it somewhere else.

His cock twitched inside my mouth, his hips thrusting for a brief moment before I felt a huge spurt hit the back of my throat. I eased up slightly as he dispensed a mouthful in my mouth. I knew I had to get used to the salty tanginess, but I swallowed what I could and allowed the rest to seep from the corners of my mouth and down on his cock.

Collin laughed in disbelief and looked at me with that lust in his eyes.

“Come here,” he said.

I used the back of my hand to wipe my mouth and went to lay

beside him with a smile on my face.

He turned and kissed me even though I'd just had his cock in my mouth. "I'm never letting you go," he whispered.

***

An hour later, we showered and went down for breakfast. I couldn't stop smiling, and Collin couldn't stop staring at me. Unlike the day we met, what I felt for him now was not just attraction. It was something deeper, and I knew it was partly because of the sex but not entirely. He had more to offer, and he had offered it all. There was nothing more that I wanted than to just be by his side. I feared the reality that we would have to go back to because I knew it wouldn't be as blissful as being here with him was. I didn't want the moment to end, but I knew it would end in a few hours when we would catch our flight back home.

"So what do you want to do for the rest of the day, baby? We only have a few hours left," Collin said as he sipped on his coffee.

I shrugged and sighed dreamily. "I don't know. Being here with you is enough."

He smiled. "I have something for you," he said as he pulled a box from the pocket of his jean jacket.

I held my breath and took it as he handed it to me. "Collin, you didn't have to. This trip was already more than enough; last night."

"Nothing I can ever offer you will ever be enough in my eyes. You deserve the world, Lauren."

My eyes started to sting, but before the tears came, I opened the box to see what was inside. I gasped as soon as my eyes made contact with the exquisite piece of silver jewelry lined with little diamonds around the infinity sign.

I choked up a sob. "Collin, it's beautiful. You didn't have to," I sniffed, my hands shaking as I took it in hand and held it up to admire the beauty more closely.

Collin got up and came around to my side, where he took it and helped me go put it on. It was beautiful, and the gesture was just as amazing; I couldn't stop my tears.

"Thank you," I said. "I love it."

"I'm happy to hear that," he said as he kissed me on the neck.

"Collin?" A voice said. We both looked up to see a middle-aged

man standing before us with a quizzical expression on his wrinkling face. He looked between us, and I could see recognition dawn on his face while the blood drained from mine.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! This wasn't happening!

"Lauren… you – Collin, I thought you went to that seminar with Mark," he said as he looked between us, trying to connect the dots.

Collin cleared his throat. "Not really my crowd," he shrugged.

The man's brows furrowed. "I see — are you guys dating?" He asked as he pointed at us, eyes moving from me to Collin.

Collin's eyes met mine. "Er… no," I was quick to say. "We just er…"

"You guys seemed pretty close to me. Does Mark know?" He asked as he raised a brow.

"Listen, Ben, I'll see you at the office. Now, will you excuse us?" Collin exclaimed with an evident edge to his voice.

Ben seemed taken aback. Without saying another word, he left, but the look in his eyes told me there would be trouble ahead.

I started to breathe hard, as if someone was stepping on my lungs. I couldn't breathe and found it hard to catch my breath. A hand reached out to mine and gave it a gentle squeeze. My eyes met with Collin, and I found some reassurance in it.

"Baby, everything is going to be fine," he said with a curt nod.

I shook my head. "No, Collin. He's going to tell Dad that he saw us, and the whole thing will blow up in our faces!"

"And would that be such a bad thing?" He asked.

I gawked at him as if he had lost his mind. "Are you kidding me? The last thing I want is my parents to find out from some guy at the office. He probably has Dad on call as we speak," I hissed, rubbing my forehead.

"I knew this was a bad idea from the start. We shouldn't have done this, Collin," I said and immediately regretted the words as soon as I saw the sadness and disappointment on his face.

"Lauren, come on, don't say that."

I shook my head. "We knew the complications being together would cause, and we both knew this probably wouldn't work outside Las Vegas. That's become even clearer now," I sniffed.

"I'll talk to your dad and let him know how I feel about you. It probably won't go over well, but at least he'll know the truth."

My thoughts were all over the place, and it took me a moment to realize the words Collin had spoken. My gaze flashed to him, and I blinked back the fogginess from my eyes.

“Dad has plans for you, Collin. He’s going to give it all to you once he’s retired. If he finds out about us, I don’t think he will.” Shock took over his face as my words resonated through to him. He didn’t say anything as he stood there looking clueless as if trying to work the pieces together in his head.

I used the opportunity to get up and flee to my hotel room, but I could hear Collin’s footsteps behind me as he called my name. I finally stopped at my door with tears flowing down his face. The look on his face was pained as he stared back at me.

“Lauren, these past days have been the best I’ve ever had in my life, and no, it wasn’t because I am in one of the most vibrant cities in the world, it’s because I had you by my side,” he said. “I don’t care about the plans your father has for me, I don’t care if this ruins the relationship I have with him … I just want you.”

His words gave me some sort of reassurance, and I couldn’t stop the tears that flowed from my eyes. But it was still bittersweet. Collin was willing to make that choice, but I couldn’t allow him to. I couldn’t ruin what he’d obviously worked so hard for, and though he might have been saying this now, I didn’t want him to resent me months or even years down the line. Maybe we were just in the honeymoon phase of a would-be relationship, and all this spark and excitement would die down soon. So although I knew in my heart that what I felt for Collin wouldn’t ever go away, I still had to make a choice between his happiness and mine, and I chose his, which was what he had worked so hard for over the years.

“I’m sorry, but this won’t work, Collin. Let’s just appreciate the fact that we had a good time, and now it’s over. We’re done,” I said as I went inside and closed the door behind me. I leaned against the hardwood as soon as I entered, and my body slid to the floor as I broke into sobs.

Chapter 9

Collin

The door closing in my face signified a finality that I couldn't bring myself to accept but that I couldn't force. Maybe Lauren needed some time to process, or maybe she meant every word. Whatever the case was, I was willing to give her time to make a choice with a clear head.

I dragged myself back to my room with a heavy heart and emotions I had never felt in my life. I reflected on her words, especially the last bit she had said about Mark having plans for me after his retirement. A week ago, the news would have made me feel like the luckiest man in the world, but the excitement that should have come from such an announcement wasn't there. If it meant not having Lauren, then I didn't care for it.

I almost felt stupid. I had worked my ass off to get where I was, and then a beautiful woman walked into my life and gave my life new meaning.

This was more than the attraction I initially thought this was. Lauren was my soulmate, and I found that out even before we had sex. To lose that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity was like losing life itself.

Even now, knowing that tomorrow I wouldn't wake up to her in my bed gnawed at me. I needed her every waking morning and for her to be the last thing I saw before I closed my eyes at night.

I was reckless throughout the rest of the day, hoping she would send me a text or even knock at my door, but nothing came for hours straight until it was time to leave, and she asked me if I was ready.

I had so many things to say to her during our ride to the airport and as we settled on the plane. But I also didn't want to force anything. I was giving Lauren the time she needed to think and clear her head, and I would respect any decision she made, even if it wasn't to my liking.

Her anxiety returned as soon as the plane was about to take off. She didn't say a word, but I still held her hands and felt the nerves slowly leave her body. She glanced at me with so much emotion in her eyes that her lips failed to convey.

I didn't let go of her in fear that it would be the last time that I held her and simply because touching her gave me some sort of peace. When we got back to LA, waiting for our Uber at the airport, she turned to me.

“Thanks again for everything, Collin. This weekend was really amazing,” she said with a small smile on her face.

I nodded. “I wish it was more than the weekend.”

She hung her head and tucked a few tendrils of hair behind her hair.

“We both knew what we were getting ourselves into.”

“Yes, and I thought we could get past the complications. I still think we can,” I said.

She shook her head. “It’s just wrong timing. I’m sorry,” she sniffed.

I stepped closer toward her and kissed her hard, feeling as the desire for her rushed through me tenfold. She kissed me back for a brief second with as much eagerness as I had offered but quickly tore herself away and swallowed.

“We can’t… I’m sorry,” she said as she glanced at the car parked a few feet away. “That’s my ride. Goodbye, Collin.” With that, she left and stepped inside the car. She didn’t look at me once, but I watched as the car disappeared around a corner, and just like that, a familiar emptiness filled me once again.

***

When I met Mark at the office for the next few days, I knew something was up. He wouldn’t meet my gaze, and all he said was the usual formalities which was pretty much unlike Mark. It was strange that he hadn’t filled me in on the seminar that he went to. Nothing. I knew he knew, and it was just a matter of when the confrontation would be.

The right thing to do would have been to approach him and set the record straight, but I didn’t want Lauren upset at me for doing it alone.

Regardless, the tension could be cut with a knife, and I hated working in an environment like that. If Mark decided he no longer wanted me as part of his company, I would respect that, but I’d sleep better knowing my conscience was clear. Knowing Mark, he already knew what happened between Lauren and me and was just waiting for me to be ‘man enough’ and come to him about it.

I smoothed the lapels of my jacket and got up from my chair as I headed toward his office. I was as nervous as hell because even though I knew I would drop it all for Lauren, I still hated that I could potentially lose my relationship with Mark.

I swallowed hard as I rapped on his door, and he gave me the go-ahead to enter.

He didn't look up from his laptop, and there was a grim expression on his face. He knew for sure.

"Could we talk?" I asked as I approached the chair in front of his desk.

He finally looked up at me with a danger in his eyes that I didn't think was possible with a guy like Mark. His silence for me was consent, and I took that as a sign to say my piece.

I cleared my throat. "I'm in love with your daughter." Those were definitely not the words I had planned, but apparently, they were the ones that needed an out. I hadn't admitted it to myself, even though I knew from the start that what I felt for Lauren couldn't be anything but love.

Mark's jaw ticked. "You son of a bitch!" He hissed through tightly clenched teeth.

"I didn't mean for any of it to happen, Mark, but it did. I'm in love with her.

He slammed the laptop screen shut and threw daggers at me with his gaze. "I fucking trusted you, and you went behind my back and fucked it all up. You lied to my fucking face!"

I hung my head and managed a sigh. "I'm sorry…"

"And then you have the nerve to come in here and say you love her?" He scoffed. "I know the reputation you have with women, Collin. You don't have any good intentions toward my daughter, and you've only known her for a fucking week. Have you lost your mind?!" He asked as he stared at me wide-eyed.

"Maybe, but I'm telling you that what I feel for her is unlike anything I've ever felt for a woman. I love her, and you can hate me for it or whatever, but that's not gonna change the fact!" I exclaimed.

He laughed sardonically and shook his head. "You're a piece of work, you know that? I gave you the opportunity of a lifetime, and this is the fucking thanks I get. I brought you into my house, and the first thing you thought to do was prey on my daughter!"

It was my time to laugh. "I didn't fucking prey on anyone. Lauren is twenty-two years old. She can make her own decisions!"

Mark's eyes blazed fire. "Get the hell out of here!"

I stood to do just that, feeling angry at myself, at Mark – at this whole fucking situation.

“I swear to God, Collin. If you don’t fucking end it with her, I’ll ruin you.”

“You don’t have to worry about that, Mark. You got your wish before you even knew you wanted it! You’ll have my resignation in the morning!” I hissed as I moved toward the door and slammed it shut behind me.

I muttered a curse as soon as I got back to the office. Leave it to fucking me to poke the bear and add gasoline to the fire.

Chapter 10

Lauren

"Honey, you need to eat something," Mom said as she entered my room with a distressed look on her face.

"I'm not hungry, om," I croaked out.

"You haven't had a sensible meal in days. You're not doing any good to your body by treating it like this," she argued as she came to sit beside me at the edge of the bed.

"I'll be fine," I sniffed.

She sighed heavily. "Honey, you will get over this and realize in due time. This has been your first attempt at love; your feelings are justified, but you'll find the right man one day, trust me," she smiled.

I shook my head and eased up on the bed. "You don't understand, do you? I love him with all my heart, Mom."

"Honey–"

"I know what you're gonna say, but it's not some stupid crush that I'll get over anytime soon. I feel happiest when I'm around Collin. Just the thought of him makes me happy. Why can't you understand that?" I exclaimed, my voice almost breaking as I spoke.

"I'm trying to – believe me, but you've only known him for little over a week. I'm just worried that it's a bit too soon for you to have such strong feelings or to think you have. I don't want you regretting this further down the line, sweetheart."

I shook my head and curled back up in the covers, trying to avoid my mom as best as possible, but she was still there minutes later in the silence that took over the room.

"He resigned from the company," she said some minutes later.

I shot up from the bed, my eyes widening. "What?"

"He and your father got into an argument yesterday. I spoke to your father earlier, and he said he hadn't too long brought in his resignation."

"That idiot," I muttered under my breath.

"Excuse me?"

"We're not together because I didn't want him choosing me over the job."

“Wha–”

“I’ve gotta go see him,” I said as I threw the sheets from over me and rolled off the bed.

“Honey, are you sure this is what you want?” Mom pressed.

“I’ve never been more certain about anything in my life, Mom.”

She sighed. “Ok, well, in that case, go for it,” she said as she reached in to kiss me. “I’ve gotta head out shortly. Let me know how it goes.”

I smiled. “Will do, Mom.”

After she left, I took a quick shower and pulled on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. I couldn’t believe Collin had made such a stupid decision. I had spent days crying because I thought I’d lose the love of my life, but at the same time, I was happy he had the job of his dreams.

Dad said he had no plans to fire him, although he wouldn’t look at him the same again. I was content with that, but Collin resigning didn’t make any sense.

Tying my hair in a ponytail, I grabbed my purse and ran downstairs, hellbent on finding Collin’s apartment one way or another.

To my surprise, as I swung the door open, ready to leave, I almost bumped into Collin, who was on the other side, his hand mid-air, ready to knock.

My eyes widened, and so did his. We both remained silent and stared at each other as if we had both discovered the most beautiful thing in the world. I drank in every inch of him, realizing that his hair had grown a bit and so had his beard. There was this rugged look to him that added layers to the already strapping man that he was. The heat that suddenly filled me told me I was attracted to him despite the changes.

“I was just coming to see you,” I finally said.

He smiled. “Beat you to it.”

I bit my lips. “Come in.”

He moved past me, barely inside, before he turned to me. “You know I said I’d give you some time to think us through, but I got impatient,” he said. “Do you know what that necklace means for me, Lauren?”

I subconsciously touched the piece of jewelry that I hadn’t taken

off since Collin gave it to me. I shook my head.

"It means I'll love you till the end of time. Infinity."

My heart was just bursting in my chest. My lips started to quiver. "Collin..."

"We might not be what other people want, but I know what I want more than anything in this world, Lauren, and that's you. Nothing will change my mind."

I smiled amid my tears. "I love you too, you big teddy bear," I laughed as I bounded toward him and clamped my mouth to his. It was like a breath of fresh air to be touching him again, to be in his presence. I latched onto him like my life depended on it, and he held me tight, his hard body pressed against mine. Collin broke free to look at me while he cupped my face into his strong hands.

"I missed you so much."

"I missed you."

***

A day later, I was in Collin's bed, though the truth was, I hadn't left it since we made up. I didn't want to leave it, either. I wanted this moment to last as long as it could, even though I knew there wouldn't be any uncertainty about our future this time around.

I snuggled up to him and slid my naked legs over his narrow hips. He smiled up at me, a dangerous glint in his eyes as he trailed his hands down my hips and up to my breasts. Heat sizzled through me; the constant craving raged wild throughout my body. I was sticky with cum, drenched in sweat and only a few minutes away from bone-deep exhaustion, but as long as Collin was here, I was always ready for another round.

I climbed atop of him and reached for his manhood, setting it into place before I impaled myself on it. A wholesome sigh left my lips as his length filled me, the girth stretching me to the max. I was able to take all of him in, allowing myself a second before I started to roll my hips, feeling as his cock moved within me, creating spasms throughout my body.

Collin held my hips and helped to guide my movements. I ran my fingers down his hands and later leaned into him for a kiss as I lifted my hips and slammed them down on him. He filled me with sharp thrusts that had me moaning against his mouth, but I didn't let up. Collin reached for my ass and eased me down on his stealthy cock

until my pussy started to convulse, and my orgasm started to beat at my gates.

His hand slid over my ass, his fingers tracing the rim of my rosebud. I continued to bounce on him as the pleasure soared within me. He slipped the tip of his finger inside, and I screamed aloud as my orgasm crashed into me.

Collin grunted at the same time, pressing me down on him, so all of him was buried inside me. I started to tremble as his cum filled me for the first time, warm spurts filling my insides that had me coming again.

I collapsed on his chest, breathing heavily with his length inside me. He held me close, his hands rubbing down my back as we came down from our orgasms. A minute later, his cock slipped out, a dollop of cum following in its wake.

I couldn't even find it within me to move from off him. My body was humming with pleasure, and I was exhausted to the bone. Just as my eyes started to droop, he rolled me over on the bed and headed to the bathroom. A few minutes later, I was picked up from the bed and carried to the bathroom, where I was placed in a warm tub of water doused with essential oils and bath bombs.

Collin joined me, sliding behind me while he held me and used a sponge to bathe me. I sighed against him and closed my eyes, too satiated to do anything but enjoy the moment.

***

We were having take-out sometime later and enjoying each other's company when a knock sounded at the door. I glanced at Collin, who also had a curious expression on his face.

He shrugged and got up, brushing off his hands before he walked toward the door.

I wiped my mouth and prepared myself for whoever it was, happy that I was wearing clothes this time around.

"Mark…what a pleasant surprise," I heard Collin say and immediately stiffened.

What was my dad doing here?

"Can we talk?" Dad said his tone firm.

"Yeah, come in."

I watched the entrance with bated breath, feeling as if my heart

was going to hop out of my chest. My dad made an appearance seconds later, pausing for a bit when he saw me.

"I figured you'd be here."

I bit my lips. "Is everything okay?" Collin asked.

Dad sighed and loosened the button to his jacket before he took a seat beside me.

"Truth be told, I still feel betrayed and disappointed," he began, and I hung my head, embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Dad."

"I felt like shit hearing about it from someone outside of this family," he turned to Collin. "I don't know if I can look at you the same again – I'm gonna need some time."

"Dad…"

"I still can't quite wrap my head around it, but I guess it isn't for me to understand. It's just crazy how after one day of knowing each other, you both decided to go to another state together for a whole weekend."

Collin moved closer toward me. "I guess you could say it was love at first sight for me," he said, and I blushed.

Dad scoffed. "I don't want to see my daughter hurt, Collin, and if that happens, we're going to have problems," he said firmly.

"I wouldn't dare-"

"See, you say that now, but this whole thing is still fresh, and, of course, it all seems perfect now, but time has a way of revealing things."

"Mark, if you're afraid my feelings will change for your daughter, that won't happen. I love Lauren," Collin defended just as firmly.

"Didn't you love your ex-wife as well, and we all saw how that turned out," he jabbed dryly.

Collin scoffed and shook his head. I felt like this was taking a turn. "Dad, please, if you're just here to put us down, please don't. If we make mistakes, that's on us; we're both adults here. You don't have to worry about anything," I intervened.

He sighed. "I just want what's best for you, sweetheart."

I stepped toward him and held his hands. "I know that, but I'll be fine. Collin makes me happy," I smiled.

He nodded. "That's all I want," he said as he hugged me, looking

over my shoulder at Collin. He cleared his throat as we pulled apart, straightened his posture and looked to Collin. “You do great work and have made such a huge impact to the company... I er - I’d hate to lose you.”

Collin nodded. “Thank you.”

“Please come back.”

“Will do.”

I flung myself into Dad’s arms yet again. “You have no idea how I appreciate this.”

He kissed me on the cheek. “Anything for you, sweetheart.” He sighed as we broke apart. “I’d better get going; your mother is expecting me for dinner.”

We said our goodbyes, and I turned to Collin with a grin on my face. The excitement was radiating off me in waves, and I couldn’t control it. I leapt into Collin’s arms, and he caught me with a chuckle.

“See, everything has a way of working itself out.”

Epilogue

Lauren

The multibillion-dollar company has created another video game that has the world in a frenzy, accumulating more than a billion users worldwide.

I smiled as I read the article, turning my head to the bathroom where Collin was.

“Babe, you’re in the papers again!” I exclaimed.

He came out with a towel draped around his waist and a smile on his face. I bit my lips at the beauty that he was, still managing to be as fit as a fiddle despite the six years that had passed. Nothing changed about Collin except for the few strands of grey that lined his temple. He still looked as good as the first day I saw him – even better.

He came beside me and glanced at the paper in my hand.

“I look good in that shot, don’t I?” He smirked.

I took a moment to glance at the photo of him in his royal blue suit. The color made his skin pop, and every inch of it was seamless and tailored to perfection.

“You always look good, baby,” I said.

“Not as good as you,” he teased, his eyes dropping to the cleavage of my camisole.

I grinned and kissed him, feeling the sudden burst of arousal that ran through me. Every day felt as new as the first. Nothing had changed between us, even for a second, and each day I was thankful that a love that had formed so quickly didn’t end just as fast. As Collin kissed me, his hands started to trail up my leg, and I parted them to allow him access, but we didn’t get far because my phone started to ring, and I forced myself apart from him.

“Don’t answer that,” Collin groaned, still kissing me all over the face.

I was tempted not to, but when I glanced across at the screen, I saw that it was my mom and couldn’t resist.

“It’s Mom,” I said, which seemed to have done the trick because he eased up and watched as I took the phone and answered.

It was a video call. Collin shuffled up beside me and plastered a smile on his face similar to mine as soon as my mom came on screen.

“Hey, sweetheart!” She yelled over the breeze in the background.

“Hey Mom, how are you guys enjoying your time?” I asked.

She squinted her eyes as if finding it hard to hear me and gestured further down the beach where the others were. The wind was whipping her hair all over, and her skin was sunburnt, but the smile on her face was priceless, as well as the view in the background.

“We’re leaving the beach now to go have some lunch. Cameron wanted to talk to you guys.”

The four-year-old suddenly appeared on screen with a smile on his face, his blonde hair ruffled, a tooth gone from his smile.

“Hi Mama, hi Dad,” he said, and my heart melted.

Dad held him in his hand while he, too, smiled proudly at the interaction.

“Hi, my sweet boy. Are you having fun with grandma and grandpa?”

He nodded. “We went on a boat and saw some fish!” He was quick to say, the enthusiasm rich in his voice.

“Aww, that’s amazing, bud. I hope you are being a good boy for your grandparents…”

He nodded vigorously, his hair bouncing in the process. I smiled, on the verge of tears by the simple act.

Collin chuckled. “Ok, bud, we miss you. Can’t wait for you to get back!”

“I miss you too!”

“We love you honey! Enjoy and be a good boy, okay.”

“Okay, Mommy.”

He bounced on his grandpa’s lap and went to play with a beach ball beside them. A little girl about his age ran up to him, and they started to play together.

“We went on a glass-bottom boat ride earlier,” Mom said. “He was so excited. I’ll send you the pictures after this call.”

I smiled. “I still can’t believe you guys decided to bring him with you. He can be such a handful at times, and you’re on vacation.”

Mom fanned me off. “He keeps us on our feet, but he truly makes us happier,” she said as she glanced at dad, who shared a smile as well.

“Speaking of, how’s our soon-to-be granddaughter?”

I glanced down at my swollen stomach. “Looks like she’s being a good girl today. She isn’t trying to kick out my stomach today,” I

giggled.

They all burst into laughter. “Well, it’s still early,” Mom teased. “Are you planning on going to work today?” She asked.

“Not today. Collin and I saw this house on the market that we wanted to check out. We’re hoping to have a bigger space for when the baby gets here.”

“That’s amazing, but you should get some rest too, honey. This is one of the pros of being your own boss; you don’t have to push yourself too much in times like these.”

I sighed. “I know, Mom, but I’m just fine, trust me.”

“Ok, sweetheart; Cameron must be hungry so we’re gonna head to the restaurant to get some food. I love you guys.”

“We love you too, Mom. Kiss Cameron for me.”

“Will do, sweetheart. Bye.”

I ended the call and smiled at Collin, who was already leaning in to kiss me.

“Come on, we don’t have much time. We’ll have to leave soon,” he said and I giggled as I wrapped my hands around him and kissed him. I fell back on the bed with him atop of me because clearly, we couldn’t get enough of each other.

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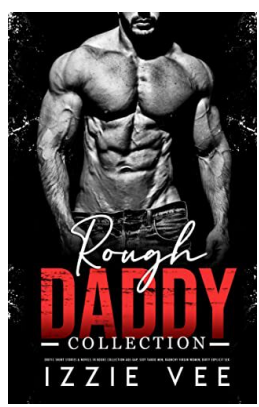

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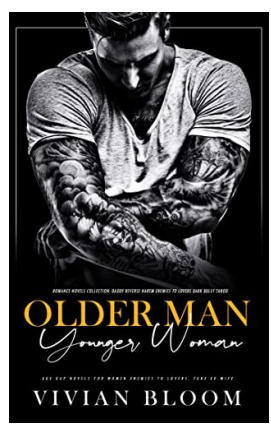

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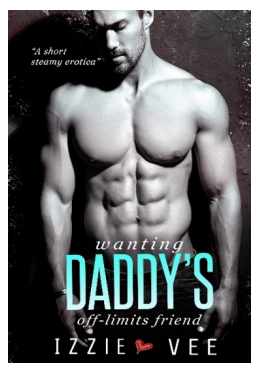

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college

with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***